

simply on account of the office he held, it was not foreseen that his visit would develop as it did. But although he was accompanied by several notable men he speedily dwarfed them all, becoming the centre of attraction at every gathering of the Institute of Journalists. There was a great dinner at the Crystal Palace, a reception at the Imperial Institute, and another, which was given to the journalists by the Lord Mayor, at the Guildhall. That historic building was then thronged to overflowing, and it was strange indeed — remembering all that had gone before — to see Zola and his wife marching in a kind of state procession, preceded by the City's trumpeters and followed by the Lord Mayor, the President of the Institute and other dignitaries, while some official who cleared the way called persistently: "Monsieur Zola ! Madame Zola!" as though a couple of royalties were approaching.

Other entertainments were given at this time. Some of the theatres were thrown open to the guests of the Institute of Journalists; Sir Edward Lawson gave them a luncheon at Taplow, there was a cordial little reception at the Press Club; while the Athenaeum Club conferred honorary membership on Zola for the period of his stay in London. That last distinction was the most unexpected of all, and assuredly the Bishops belonging to the Athenaeum cannot have known of it. At the Authors' Club dinner, which closed

the round  
of "semi-official" gatherings, there were some  
eighty men of  
letters, with a sprinkling of publishers and  
others, present.  
When Mr. Oswald Crawford had proposed Zola's  
health —  
which he did in excellent French and very  
laudatory terms  
— the novelist, no orator, as he had carefully  
stated at the  
outset of his sojourn, read his reply, which  
may be given